

Unbroken
by Black Fox

"You should let us take care of her."

The Doctor stood over Jenny's – his daughter's – body, the pain cutting through him like a knife in both his hearts. He'd never thought he would have to face this kind of loss again; but he had more defences against it now. Common sense told him that he should leave, before it became too much.

But he couldn't bring himself to do so.

"There's nothing you can do, Doctor," Martha said, from where she was standing with Donna. "We should leave."

The Doctor nodded slightly – but still stood next to his daughter's body, willing her to have enough of him inside of her so that she could regenerate. He knew it was hopeless... but he'd already lost so much. He wouldn't admit it out loud, but he wasn't sure he could take much more of this. Finally, he spoke. "Will you leave me alone with her for a few moments?" He barely glanced at them.

After a moment, the Doctor heard them quietly leave the room; though he was aware of Donna staring at him before she too left. Once they were gone, he sighed and let his fingers drift over Jenny's pale, cold cheek. There weren't any tears left. He'd cried them all long ago. But his hearts still ached.

The Doctor stood there for quite a long time. If he'd wanted to, he could have said the time – right down to the last second. But that wasn't important. And Martha was right. He needed to take her back to Earth; and there were still other worlds to visit with Donna. There was so much left to do.

Slowly – reluctantly – the Doctor moved his hand away. As he started to turn, though, something caught his attention. As he stared in disbelief, Jenny breathed out light; and opened her eyes. She looked up at her dad and smiled, appearing unsurprised by what had happened.

"Hello, dad." They were the same words she'd spoken right after she'd first come into existence.

Without thinking, the Doctor caught her in a tight hug. His relief was overwhelming; enough to surprise even him. Obviously, all she'd needed was time. She was alive... He held her close, unwilling to let go. In some ways, that frightened him. He didn't want to care so much for someone and have them die.

But she was his daughter – though not by choice – and he felt responsible for her. Besides, she'd chosen not to kill...

"You can let go of me now."

The Doctor did so, leaning back slightly so that he could look into Jenny's eyes. The relief was overpowered by worry, and a small amount of anger. Jenny had taken a bullet for him... and had actually died. He never wanted another person to sacrifice themselves for him; never again. It didn't matter that she had regenerated... He'd fully believed that she was dead. He couldn't see more people he cared about die...

Jenny glanced around. "Where are the others? Donna and... your other friend. Martha, wasn't it?"

"They left the room to give me some time alone with you." As he spoke, the Doctor sat down next to her. He took Jenny's hand, and gave a single jerk, pulling his daughter across his knees and locking her arm behind her, so that she couldn't struggle.

"Hey! What are you doing?"

"I'm surprised this wasn't covered in the knowledge imprinted on you at birth. After all, this is a punishment that is used by a lot of different races on many different planets." The Doctor pulled down Jenny's trousers and knickers in one swift move, and rested his hand on her bottom for a moment. Then, he raised it and brought it down in a slap which echoed through the room.

"What is it?" Martha asked Donna, who was unashamedly listening outside the door.

Donna frowned slightly, waving a hand at Martha to tell her to keep her voice down. She then took a step back and glanced at the other woman. "It sounds like he's spanking her..."

"That's impossible. The Doctor wouldn't do something like that." But even as she spoke, Martha could hear the sounds of flesh being slapped, and what sounded like Jenny crying out. It was a relief to know that the Doctor's daughter wasn't actually dead, but... "Should we stop it?" she wondered out loud.

"Why?" Donna sounded honestly shocked. "It's not like being spanked will do her any harm – well, apart from being sore for a while. Besides, she did take a bullet for him. He's probably right to be angry. But we should probably stop listening outside the door," she added, almost guiltily.

Martha decided not to point out that it was technically Donna who was

listening outside the door and simply nodded. "You're right."

Still, neither of them moved.

By the time the Doctor paused in the spanking, Jenny's bottom was blushing pink; and she was breathing heavily. He rested his aching hand on her back. "Do you know why I'm doing this?"

"Why? Did you forget it already?"

The Doctor shook his head and landed a hard smack. "You took a bullet for me!" he scolded. "I've seen too many people die during my lifetime. I don't want to see any more if I can help it."

"But you're my dad!" Jenny protested.

"Which is precisely why you can't do something like that." The Doctor raised his left knee to give him access to Jenny's sit spots and her upper thighs. Jenny gasped and started squirming, but the Doctor just continued the spanking until Jenny went limp, a few tears tracking their way down her cheeks. Then, he lowered his leg and gently lifted his daughter up, cradling her gently and murmuring soft words of reassurance.

Jenny's breath hitched on a sob, and she leaned her head against the Doctor's shoulder, listening silently.